A WANDERER'S SONGS OF THE SEA

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A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea

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By

CHARLES KEELER

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To William Keith

Painter and poet and friend,
  Lover of live-oaks and hills,
Little my songs can lend
  To a life that with beauty thrills.
Through you have I seen the grove
  In the golden twilight of dreams,
The peak where the storm-cloud strove
  With the sun's triumphant beams;
And I would it were given to me
  To return e'en a tithe of the boon
In my songs of the masterful sea,
  In my strains of its mystical rune.
I would take you afar o'er the deep
  To the haunts of the rude sea kings,
To realms where the storm-mists sweep,
  To the zones where the petrel wings!
But I know in your musings alone
  In the frigate of art you are free
To sail where a splendor has shown
  That ne'er was on land or on sea!

List of Titles

An Invocation 1
An Ocean Lullaby 14
A Song of Bering Sea 15
Pull the Line Home 16
Storm Along 18
Rough Weather Chanty 19
Cleaning Ship 20
Jack on Shore 21
Homeward Ho 23
Down in the Doldrums 25
Black Sailors' Chanty 28
Haul Away Joe 30
South Australia 32
My Jennie of Katoomba 34
The Son of a Jackaroo 35
Song of the Sundowner 37
Ballad of Minnie Ramsay 39
The Voyage of Kúpe 46
A Song for Little Mata 56
Leaving Honolulu 57

A WORD ON THE SONGS.

The charm of the sea is ever new. Its songs are ever in the making. It is a fresh surprise for each one who ventures upon its illimitable way.

In the bits of lyric contained in this slender volume I have sought to catch fleeting glimpses of ocean life and of sailor men in many parts of the Pacific, from the Russian voyager in Bering Sea to the Tahitian fisherman braving the perils of the deep in his open canoe, and his still more daring kinsmen who, some six hundred years ago, voyaged over thousands of miles of unknown water and discovered New Zealand.

Only on deep-water sailing vessels do the sailors still sing chanties. When a ship has been laboring through a storm under shortened canvas and the wind abates, the skipper, anxious to make a quick voyage, gives the command to set more sail. Men are ordered aloft to free the lashings and the heavy spar must then be hoisted to its place. The full watch take hold of the halyard, a rope on which the spar is suspended, and which

passes through a pulley on the deck. Then the leader of the crew commences a chanty. All hands join in the refrain, pulling in unison at every accented syllable of the chorus. With the wind humming and whistling through the rigging, the ship tossing in the great ocean rollers, and the muffled thud of crashing waves upon its sides, the setting is a wildly picturesque one for the stirring rhythm of such well-known chanties as "Blow the Man Down," "Ranzo," or "Whiskey For My Johnnie," sung with lusty voices by the crew bending in their sou'westers over the wet rope. In a few chanties of this collection, notably "South Australia," "Storm Along," and "Haul Away, Joe," I have preserved the refrain of the sailors, and in all of them I have aimed to give something of the spirit of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

The few dialect verses of Australia attempt to portray some types of colonial life which one often encounters at sea as well as ashore. In all the collection I have depicted only such incidents or men as I have encountered in sea roving on the Pacific.

C. K.

A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea

AN INVOCATION TO THE SEA.

The sea! The sea!
Who loveth not its blue sublimity?
Its lips implore, with endless moan,
The wanderer to strands unknown!
Aye, 'tis the cry of Fate, forever calling
To men and dynasties and nations proud,
The voice of destiny, imperious falling
Amidst earth's blindly herded crowd,
To challenge men, to charge them steer
Upon the westering sun's gold path of fire,
To bid them stifle joy and fear
And all save wandering's wild desire!
Lo, how it rolls around the sphere,
Thumping at all the granite gateways strong,
Waking the sleeping cities, shouting high
The watchword Progress! to the chosen throng:
The race shall on though men go forth and die!

Intonating deep and hollow
Cries the sea-voice: "Spirits, follow!
Follow through the flying foam,
    Follow through the roaring gale,
Waste of tide shall be your home,
    Warring blasts shall swell your sail!"

Down the Nile the stirring summons swept from off the inland sea
To the sphinx upon the desert brooding over Ptolemy.
Greece was roused as, wave on wave,
Th' Ægean hurled its challenge brave.
Round the margent, fearful crept
Galleys ere the deep they swept.
Triremes hungering for fight
Bore her sons in armor bright,
Coursing through the mid-most sea
To plant their seed on Sicily.
Stout Ulysses, god impelled,
Sea enchantments weird beheld,—
Circe's isle and Cyclops' strand,

Shadows of Cimmerian land!
Carthage heard the voice of Fate
Pealing through the pillared gate
Heracles' grim hand upreared,
Heard the parl of waves and steered
Where the Mediterranean roars
Round Scylla's rock to Lybian shores.
And out of Hiflheim's wild mist spake Hel
To Norsemen in their gloomy northland fiords,
Thundering with Thor a runic ocean spell
That made sea thralls of mighty Viking lords.
In beakéd shells they tossed and strained,
Their shields they ranged against the waves,
And far drear coasts, storm-swept, they gained
For Viking bouts and unwept graves.

Full many vot'ries did the blue deep gain,
Thrilling, with elate, exultant strain,
Hearts of Holland, Britain, Spain!
But men sailed the coast anear

Till the Seer dared to steer
Far across the Vast Unknown.
Aye, when Columbus plowed those waters lone
With unfamiliar keels, when hungry eyes
Beheld the vision under alien skies,
When in his course the New World dimly reared
Proud battlements of green, when there appeared
Strange welcoming people past the waste of sea,
Ah then the tide gave up its mystery,
Then Europe tasted the forbidden fruit;
Henceforth should nations vie in its pursuit,
Seeking through storms amain on trackless seas
The golden harvest of th' Hesperides,
Seeking eternal youth's restoring well,
And El Dorado! Many a caravel
Set forth on such romantic enterprise,
Once the Great Captain had unsealed men's eyes!
Heir of Castile and Aragon, proud Spain!
Thy venturous galleons, peerless, swept the main,
Thy high prows broke mysterious storm-churned
seas
That crashed on shores at the antipodes,

And argosies took wing to fetch thee gold
When high emprise had made thy seamen bold.
Fair Venice, doge-swayed Adriatic mart,
Erst queen of seas and citadel of art,
Had lost the salt tide's empery, and passed
To thee, bold Spain, the art to court the blast!
And thou didst let it waft thee at its will
O'er waves that jousted with thee, matched in skill.
Magellan steered his caravels afar
O'er chartless waters, south until the keen
Antarctic tempests raved and every star
Was veiled in storm-mist. In such wild demesne
He watched grim winter swathe a dreary shore
Where roamed the giant Patagonian.
At burst of spring his eager vessels bore
Adown the rock-ribbed coast of fear, where man
Ne'er sailed before, past beetling walls of stone,
Through straits where beacons glimmed on strands unknown,

On midst the yawning pass until they rolled
O'er vast Pacific swells, and every bold
Storm-seasoned seaman gave the Virgin praise!
They sailed that leagueless sea uncounted days,
Leaving the albatross far-ranging, lone;
They starved, a ghastly crew, with curse and moan!
Till, chancing on the isles that flank Cathay,
Ycleped for Philip that auspicious day,
Magellan, in untoward conflict, fell.
Sadly to Spain coursed on his fleet to tell
His triumph and his doom! his flag unfurled,
The first to float victorious round the world!

The Britains heard the deep's wild anthem, blown
From bleak horizons; heard the Triton tone
Of breathéd conchs from o'er the ocean vast,
And followed mermaid visions shimmering past,
Cresting the tossing brine, unplowed before,
Toward haunts remote on far Columbian shore.
Raleigh and Frobisher pushed back the veil
Of New World mystery, while one bold sail

Winged on Magellan's course and in the wake
Of lone Pacific galleons. Francis Drake,
The lustiest buccaneer that swept the main,
Plundering the South Sea treasure-ships of Spain,
Ranged o'er the western wilderness of blue
To filch Potosi's ingots from Peru;
Then northward scaped by unfrequented way,
And tarried lone in Californian bay.
Still westward to the isles of spice he steered,
Still on round Afric cape toward England veered,
Anchoring his globe-swept barque in Plymouth bight,
And seeking his proud queen who dubbed him knight.

In those rare days of high romance and song
Elizabeth o'erwatched, Spain's Philip sent
Th' Invincible Armada's galleon throng
To battle with the impious Protestant.
The Inquisition's fleet past Plymouth swung,
A royal crescent of uncounted sail,

While round about them Drake and Howard hung,
And Frobisher's tried guns poured leaden hail.
A week's mad strife left Philip's peerless fleet
Scattered and crippled, seeking vain retreat.
The British Sea Dogs held the Channel way;
For Spain's Armada, fleeting in dismay,
The North Sea's dreary course alone availed,
But loud and menacing the tempest wailed,
Hurtling the galleons to heartless doom
Upon the cruel Orkney's strand of gloom.
Ten thousand corpses lined that fearful coast,
A charnel for the stricken Spanish host.

Ah, never more upon the seas shall ride
A new Armada, never more the tide
Shall bear again so proud a fleet from Spain,
With blazoned banners sailing forth in vain!
The northern race through struggle groweth strong,
And, be it right or be it wrong,
Their seed shall people the wide sphere with life,

Their ships shall battle with all distant seas,
Their fleets shall harbor in the world's wide leas,
Their hearts shall grapple with all human strife.
They shall crowd, inch by inch, upon the pole
Where hoar floes grind amain with brutal might,
Through tropic hurricanes their barques shall roll,
Through storm and darkness shall they bear the light.

O mighty Mother Ocean,
Hast thou known such blind devotion
Before, as this? Have human annals shown
Such loyalty to thee? Thy storms have blown
A nation to all shores; its sons have grown
Strong on the soil wherever they did cling.
Cities have risen high, and there did spring
Forests of masts in foreign ports afar;
Shall they not all thy gates of fear unbar?
They have defied thy calms and storms with steam,

Their steel leviathans through tempests lash;
Armored in ice midst wintry gales they gleam,
Sweeping triumphant through the waves that crash;
For they have mastered thee,
O mighty Mother Sea!
Beaconed thy shores where fierce winds wildest blow,
Bridled thy foaming waves and steered till, lo!
Ultima Thule breaks upon the view,
For steel and steam can conquer and subdue!

Invincible today the Saxons ride,
The masters of all highways on the tide
Since Dewey thundered at Manila's gate
And Europe heard the echoing guns of fate.
The empire of the West its course has bent
O'er sea and shore and mighty continent,
And on across the ocean zone of day
Unto the hoary gateway of Cathay.
Hence shall the empire of the sea be here,
Where Russia's huge bulk darkly lowers near,

While Saxon impulse masters with its skill
The vast Pacific. That insistent will
That makes for progress, dominating, brave,
Shall vitalize the waste, and mar—or save!

Thou hast taught strength unto this favored race,
O sea, and courage and endurance tried;
Now grant them the one priceless gift of grace,
And free them from the deadly sin of pride!
Croon them a grand old love-song, mother sea,
Teach them that love alone is empery,
That fate at last defies the mailéd hand,
That only what the heart calls Right can stand!
Let them unite for peace about the sphere,
Let them unite for justice, let them hear
The still small voice above thy call immane
Of passion and of power; let them gain
That subtler conquest of the heart of man
Which makes for God's great undeveloped plan!
Sing this, O sea, more clearly than of yore!
Shout thy glad pæan round each rock-bound
shore!

Let England hear it, let thy mighty prayer
Roll to America and rouse an answer there!
O may the vast Pacific's boundless deep
In choir responsive round the Orient sweep,
Bearing glad tidings to the Austral coast,
Cheering Cathay and all her gloomy host.

The Saxon genius, cradled by the sea,
Has grappled now with human destiny,
The Saxon spirit, resolute and strong,
Shall stand united 'gainst the hosts of wrong,
Shall fight for liberty, shall toil for peace,
Till lo, the turmoils of the nations cease!
England, America, join hands today,
Cast to the winds all discord, nor delay
The triumph of thy union! This the cry
The globe-engirdling sea has voicéd high!
This the last plea to man hoar ocean makes,
The last appeal beyond the whorl of fate!
The thunder of its stirring challenge shakes
The nations while they hesitate and wait.
Await no more but act—and for the right!

Peace, justice, liberty, are aye in sight!
Stand heart to heart, O Saxons! Fondly stand!
Yours is the sea, and so shall be the land
If ye but deal with it as right decrees,
Harkening to every whisper of the breeze
Of destiny that murmurs liberty!
If this may be,
Ah then shall follow such a century
As poets build of song without avail,
Or prophets from their Sinais vainly see,
A century that Christ would come to hail
Out of the gloom of far Gethsemane!

AN OCEAN LULLABY.

Our ship is a cradle on ocean's blue billow;
Rest, little spirit, your head on your pillow!
Dream of the dolphin that leaps from the water,
Dream of the flying-fish, dear little daughter;
Dream of the tropic-bird, lone in his flight,—
Where is he sleeping, I wonder, tonight?
Dark is the water with white crests of foam;
Sleep, little mermaid, the sea is your home!
Stars in the heavens are twinkling past number;
Waters are whispering slumber, love, slumber;
Waves are a-murmuring sleep, dearest, sleep!—
And the little one slumbers in peace on the deep.
Sing away wavelets and sigh away low,
Winds of the tropics about us may blow;
Baby is sleeping and mother is singing
And the peace of the evening about us is winging.
Sleep, little mermaid, as onward we roam,
The ship is your cradle, the sea is your home.

A SONG OF BERING SEA.

The wolf-wind howls from the tundra cold,
Nu da, dusha Marya, pray for me!
The ice pack grinds round the Pribilofs bold
As we steer our kotch for the open sea.

A mug of kvass to my love I quaff,
Nu da, dusha Marya, th' sky is black!
The big red-beaked epatkas laugh,
And the arres cackle round Unimak!

Here Glottoff sailed with Drusenin,
Nu da, dusha Marya, the snow-mists whirl
Where the Aleut rolls in his boat of skin!
But my heart is warmed by my Ayan girl!

PULL THE LINE HOME.

The refrain of this is adapted from the well-known chanty, "Blow the Man Down."

O we'll pull the line home, bullies, pull the line home,
Way, hey, pull the line home,
From Frisco across the wide ocean we roam,
Give us some time to pull the line home.

It was near Yokohama we struck a typhoon;
The royal sheets went by the board mighty soon,
The sails flapped to shreds as we bent to the gale,
While the skipper called, "Lively, boys, clew the main-sail!"

O we'll pull the line home, bullies, pull the line home,
Give us some time to pull the line home.

We wallowed around in the trough of the sea,
The waves slashed about us, and dripping were we;

One slammed full upon us with terrible thump,
And the mate shouted loud, "Starboard watch to the pump!"

O we'll pull the line home, bullies, pull the line home,
Give us some time to pull the line home.

We pumped with a will, sir, not one of us quit
Tho' sheet-chains were snapped and the fore-mast was split;
When the typhoon was on us we stood it like men,
But we'll not go to sea, bullies, will we again!

O we'll pull the line home, bullies, pull and way hey!
Belay there, you lubbers, belay there! Belay!

STORM ALONG.*

Storm Along was a good old man,
Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!
His ship upon the shoals he ran,
And the wind sang loud his funeral song,—
Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!

All night the good ship pounded there;
The wild seas swept the rigging bare,
The rude rocks pierced her starboard beam,
The waters rushed thro' many a seam,—
Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!

"We're lost!" the skipper cried. "Avast!"
No boat could live in such a blast.
The night was wild, the seas leaped high,
And the wind rushed out of an inky sky.
Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!

* "Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along" is a favorite deep-water chanty. The sailors improvise many of the verses, making them refer to the incidents of the voyage. The song as here given is original save for the refrain.

When morning broke and the red sun rose,
A black hulk told of the sailors' woes;
For the waves swept over it full and free,
And it rolled like a coffin down into the sea,—
Aye, aye, aye, Mr. Storm Along!

ROUGH WEATHER CHANTY.

With a brace and a tug and a haul away ho,
With a shout and a song together,
We pull on the halyards and up the sails go
In double-reefed main-top-s'l weather.

CHORUS.

For it's sing and be jolly boys, let the winds blow,
We'll not lose a stick or a patch of a sail,
And don't you forget it, there's one trick we know,
And that's how to sing in the teeth of a gale!

Salt horse and dry biscuit is very good fare,
But a can of good rum is better,
So plunge along, lunge along, only take care
Those top-s'ls don't get any wetter.

CHORUS.

For it's sing and be jolly boys, let the winds blow,
We'll not lose a stick or a patch of a sail,
And don't you forget it, there's one trick we know,
And that's how to sing in the teeth of a gale!

CLEANING SHIP.

Down on your knees, boys, holy-stone the decks,
Rub 'em down, scrub 'em down, stiffen out your necks,

For we're gettin' near t' home, lads, gettin' near t' home,
With a good stiff breeze and a wake o' shining foam.

Up on th' masts, boys, scrape 'em white an' clean,
Tar th' ropes an' paint th' rails an' stripe her sides with green,

For we're gettin' near t' home, lads, gettin' near t' home,
With a good stiff breeze an' a wake o' shining foam!

JACK ON SHORE.

O the sailor's home is the ocean blue,
  Heigh ho for the storm on the raging sea!
And the fun of the shore he'll sadly rue
  As he clambers aloft when the winds blow free;

CHORUS.

For it's whisky and rum all day, my boys,
  It's brandy and gin all night;
But whoever you be, your jolly good spree
  Must end with the morning light.

Beware, beware of the boarding-house man
  (There are sharks a-shore as well as at sea)
He'll get all you have, and more if he can,
  And ship you to China before you are free;

CHORUS.

For it's whisky and rum all day, me boys,
  It's brandy and gin all night;

But whoever you be, your jolly good spree
Must end with the morning light.

Did you ever get shanghaied on some dark street
With a whack on the head from a rubber club,
And wake in your berth stowed away so neat
In the fo'k'sl-head of a leaking tub?

CHORUS.

For it's whisky and rum all day, me boys,
It's brandy and gin all night;
But whoever you be, your jolly good spree
Must end with the morning light.

HOMEWARD HO.

Pile on the sail, skipper,
  Let the breezes blow;
Ten knots, twelve knots,—
  That's the way to go!

O! rattle out your reef lines,
  Loosen all your clews;
Haul upon the halyards
  For we'll never, never, lose!

The Viking is a clipper, stanch,
  So spread aloft your sail!
Set the royals, fore and main,—
  We'll lean before the gale!

O! rattle out your reef lines,
  Loosen all your clews;
Haul upon the halyards
  For we'll never, never, lose!

Set the stun'sl booms, boys,
  Bend the stun'sls fast;
Let them flap until they fill
  And belly to the blast!

O! rattle out your reef lines,
  Loosen all your clews;
Haul upon the halyards
  For we'll never, never, lose!

Betsy is the bonny girl
  I long again to see,—
Lash ahead, slash ahead,
  Tumble through the sea!

O! rattle out your reef lines,
  Loosen all your clews;
Haul upon the halyards
  For we'll never, never, lose!

DOWN IN THE DOLDRUMS DOWN.

O a crusty Yankee skipper
Sailed a crack three-skysail clipper,
Trim as any ship at sea;
Rakish rigged and fast was she!

Down, down in the doldrums down!

He had tacked around the Horn
Under topsa'ls split and torn;
Through the trades he scudded fast,
But he came to grief at last,

Down, down in the doldrums down!

It was hot beneath the sun,
Melted pitch began to run,
And the decks they scorched your feet
In the sun's infernal heat,

Down, down in the doldrums down!

There were clouds of burnished brass
O'er the heaving sea of glass,

While with groaning and with creaking
Lurched the clipper, strained and leaking,

Down, down in the doldrums down!

Off the port bow hung a squall—
"Down your jib and stays'ls haul!
Skys'l halyards now! Stand by!
Lower your fore and mizzen sky!"

Down, down in the doldrums down!

Off to wind'ard hangs the cloud,
Claps of thunder rattle loud;
Nearer sweeps the black commotion,
Churning frothy-white the ocean!

Down, down in the doldrums down!

Whew, but what a smashing gale!
"Call all hands to shorten sail!
Brace the yards! We've got to tack!
Quick or we'll be caught aback!"

Down, down in the doldrums down!

O the lightning has no pity,
And the wind it pipes a ditty
As it rips her sails to tatters,
While the rain upon her clatters,

Down, down in the doldrums down!

How she lurched and canted over!
Decks awash, the wild wind drove her.
Crack! her mizzen topmast crashed,
While the waves about her lashed,

Down, down in the doldrums down!

Loud that crusty skipper cursed
When the squall had done its worst!
Roundly at his crew he swore,
Stranded on a coral shore!

Down, down in the doldrums down!

BLACK SAILORS' CHANTY.

Yo ho, ma hahties, da's a hurricane a-brewin',
Fo' de cook he hasn't nuffin fo' de sailah-men a-stewin',—
He am skulkin' in his bunk, am dat niggah of a cook,
An' his chaowdah 'm in de ocean while de pot am on de hook.

Yo can chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as tendah as a brick,
But d'aint no smokin' possum when de cook am lyin' sick.

Ah remembah in de cane-fiel' we hed pone-cakes eb'ry day;
Slack yo line a bit ma hahties!—pull away! pull away!
An' Ah 'low Ah'm feelin' homesick, jes' t' mention ob ma honey,—

She's a libbin' at de cabin an' she's out o' clo'es
an money.
While we chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as
tendah as a brick,
But d'aint no smokin' possum while de cook am
lyin' sick.

O ma po' neglected Liza an' her piccaninny Jo,
Ah's ben roamin' sence Ah left her case Ah
wanted fo' to go!
Ah's ben hustlin' roun' de islands, navigatin' all
de sea,
While ma honey specs a hungry shark done stuff
hisself wid me.

While we chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as
tendah as a brick,
But d'aint no smokin' possum while de cook am
lyin' sick.

HAUL AWAY JOE.

O Oi *wuz* a loafin' lubber but bedad I learned to wurrk
Whin Oi loighted out o' County Corrk along wid Paddy Burrke.
We stowed abarrd a coaster an' her skipper wuz a brick;
Begorrah if yez didn't moind, he'd boost yez wid a kick!

Away, haal away, haal away Joe!

Th' pigs wuz lane in County Corrk, th' men all starrved on taties,
But Oi shipped upon a Yankee barrk, and better, faith, me fate is!
Och Oi *hed* an Irish darlint, but she ghrew so fat an' lazy
Thet Oi bounced her fur a Yankee gurrl, an' surre but she's a daisy!

Away, haal away, haal away Joe!

O since Oi lift auld Ireland Oi've poaked thro' miny plaices,
Oi've wurrked me way, Oi've arrned me pay at haalin' shates an' braces;
On farrin' shorres Oi've sot me oye on gurrls iv iv'ry nashin,
Me Yankee gurrl hes ne'er a mate throughoat th' woid creashin.

Away, haal away, haal away Joe!

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Our bark for South Australia sails
And on we ride through trades and gales;
Heave away, haul away!

In South Australia I was reared,
And in its bush I grew my beard;
Heave away, haul away!

I love its horses and its men,
I love its wattles in the glen;
Heave away, haul away!

I've roamed through gum-trees' endless shade,
I've herded sheep from glade to glade;
Heave away, haul away!

I've mined for gold, I've played for gain,
And cruised along the Spanish Main;
Heave away, haul away!

O South Australia 's wild and free!
I had a girl, but she jilted me;
Heave away, haul away!

She stole my watch and ran away,
I'll meet my Kate again some day!
Heave away, haul away!

For we're bound for South Australia's shore
And Kate will greet me as of yore,
Heave away, haul away!

MY JENNIE OF KATOOMBA.

O my rosy laughing Jennie, will you hie away
with me?
I've a station in the gum-bush where the grass
will touch your knee;
I've a thousand sheep a-bleeting, I've a cosy hut
for you;
It is lonely in the gum-bush and there's room
enough for two!

O the lyre-birds are singing 'neath the wattles'
golden boughs,
And the distant doves are cooing in the glen
their plaintive vows;
How the gaudy parrots chatter, while the magpies
sound their tune,
O I'm lonely here my Jennie, but you'll make me
happy soon!

And your voice, my merry Jennie, like the Leura's
silver fall

I shall hear about the paddocks answering whene'er I call.
When the waratah's in blossom I am coming after you,
For I'm lonely in the gum-bush and there's room enough for two!

THE SON OF A JACKAROO.

'E's a lazy sort o' feller an 'e loafs araound all day,
'Sif th' diggins wuz intended as a kind o' place ter play.
That's a sort o' way that you an' me ud never care ter do,
But 'e's nothin' but an ordinary son-of-a-jackaroo.

When th' fellers is a diggin' jest like wombats left an' right,
An' washin' aout th' gravel beds with all their bloomin' might,

Jest ter fancy 'im a loungin' there an' squintin' at 'is shoe,
For 'e's nothin' but an ordinary son-of-a-jackaroo.

'E can 'andle cards an' counters, but 'e's nothin' with a pick.
Why, ter see 'im peckin raound a bit ud make a feller sick,
Till a larrikin came up from taown an' beat 'im black an' blue,
That same good-fer-nothin' ordinary son-of-a-jackaroo.

I say but it wuz jolly good ter see th' begger run,
'E struck off like an emu when th' larrikin wuz done,
An' 'e 'ollard bloody murder like a screamin' cockatoo,
Did that good-fer-nothin' ordinary son-of-a-jackaroo!

SONG OF THE SUN-DOWNER.

O there's dust on the road and there's dust on me back
And the glare o' the sun makes me reel in me track,
But I work when I may and I beg when I must,
To keep me poor body from turning to dust,—
Singing tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum di,
O a happy-go-lucky gay fellow am I!

I carry me swag through the bush all the day,
And me billy to boil me some tea by the way;
When it comes to a pinch I can handle the sheers,
Can strip off a fleece or go riding for steers,
Singing tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum di,
What a happy-go-lucky gay fellow am I!

One day a new chum came a-limping along
Like a wallaby, just as I started me song.

He was lost in the bush, so I told him, "No fear,
You just follow me and we'll get out o' here."
Singing tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum di,
What a happy-go-lucky gay fellow am I!

It was night when I got into town with the bloke,
And then I discovered the johnnie was broke.
"But," says I, "never mind, I can set up the beer,"
And says he, "I can drink it then, never you fear."
Singing tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum di,
What a happy-go-lucky gay fellow am I!

O what is the good of this chasing the sun,
Of tramping all summer and winter for fun?
But work is so wearing a fellow must try
The luck of the road like a jolly magpie,—
Singing tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum, tweedle-dum di,
A happy-go-lucky gay fellow am I!

BALLAD OF MINNIE RAMSAY.

She's a lidy, is that Minnie; yer ort ter see 'er ride!
A gipping 'orse is naught t'er, she makes th' filly stride.
She's th' belle o' all th' salt-bush an' there's not a kangaroo
In all th' scrub o' Queensland could outrun 'er fair an' true.

She's an owful tender-'arted girl,—you fancy what I mean,
She's olways helpin' some poor bloke as if she wuz the queen.
She's only ighteen years o' hage, but yet, my life, I know
There's mighty few that's older, as got 'er grit ter show!

There's not a girl in Sydney taown, as owns a 'eart thet's bigger!

Why fancy, she's th' kind, you know, thet even
'elps a nigger!
Naow let me tell yer what she done. My word,
yer ort ter 'ear!
You'd say thet Minnie Ramsay is a lidy then—no
fear!

Th' blacks wuz stealing 'orses an' cattle from th'
run,—
Yer know we squatters 'ave our rights thet we
'ave 'ardly won,
So off we sent a rider ter fetch th' black police
Ter fight th' niggers black fer black an' give us
squatters peace.

Them niggers know th' bush-land, they know th'
way ter track,
No fear, they follow game as well as any four-
foot pack!
Their sargeant wuz a white man; he wouldn't
let 'em loose
Till 'e wired daown ter Brisban' jest ter get a
good excuse.

They answered with a telegram? no fear, they
know th' game!
They jest sent back a cartridge box, so's not ter
be ter blame.
Th' sargeant knew th' answer boss; like dingoes
on th' scent
Th' bloomin pack o' niggers thro' th' gum-bush
tangles went.

They camped along th' trail boss, they kept
a-sneakin' nigher,
Till by an' by they peered ahead an' saw th' glint
o' fire.
They glided thro' th' gum-bush, up close where
they could see;
Th' tribe o' them wuz dancin' there a wild
corroboree.

Their bodies were all streaked with white ter
celebrate their revels,—
You fancy haow they looked aout there, like
skeletons or devils!

They hopped an' jumped an' frisked araound, they screamed like cockatoos;
My word, 'twas like a pack o' fiends a-goin' on a booze!

Naow Minnie wuz a-ridin' aout, an' didn't see 'em go—
Those black police o' dingoes, as they sneaked off still an' slow;
But she cantered ter th' station 'ouse, an' then, my life, 'ow wild
She grew ter 'ear thet they wuz off—that tender-'arted child!

She vowed she'd stop their bloody game; she'd never let 'em shoot!
She swore she'd ride 'em daown 'erself an tell th' blacks ter scoot.
'Ow's thet fer pluck? She rode away an' every man wuz scared;
They wanted ter ride after 'er, but not a johnnie dared.

Well boss, she rode an' rode all day, an' never
stopped ter rest,
She scared th' bower-birds at play beside their
'idden nest;
She brushed beneath th' wattle-trees, she crashed
thro' shreds o' bark,
Th' raven croaked above 'er, as the brush grew
still an' dark.

Then out o' all thet blackness, she 'eared th' rifles
crack,
My life, but she wuz paralyzed! They're on th'
niggers' track!
She 'eard th' far-off yells o' fear, she 'eard th'
cries o' pain,
An' then th' *panka-panka-panka* of rifles cracked
again.

She floundered thro' th' darkness, she lashed 'er
'orse ahead,
She came upon th' niggers' camp, but every soul
wuz dead.

The black police 'ad killed 'em all, an' right an' left they lay
A-welterin' in pools o' gore, all smeared with blood an' clay.

It served th' devils right, no daoubt, fer stealin' cattle so,
But it did seem pretty tough ter kill the gins an kids, yer know,
Exterminatin' all th' tribe, like rabbits, rats er mice,—
It's a way ter deal with niggers but it haint exactly nice.

Well, Minnie looked araound th' camp until she 'eard a cry,
A tiny squealin' baby cheepin' kind o' low an' shy.
There she faound a gin a lyin' with th' kiddie at 'er breast,
An' a bullet thro' 'er body, boss, but yer can guess th' rest.

'E's a 'ealthy little youngster naow, th' last o' all 'is clan,
An Minnie vows she'll stick ter 'im until 'e's grown a man;
I wouldn't like a nigger raound ter call me dad an' squall,
But if Minnie 'd give me 'alf a show, I'd take 'er, kid an' all!

THE VOYAGE OF KÚPE.

Chronicling the discovery of New Zealand by the Maoris some six hundred years ago.

I shall sing the story of Kúpe, who fair Hawaiki forsook,
Who voyaged round the island that Maui had fished from the depths with his hook;
Who parted the lands by his power; Kapiti from Mana he clave;—
O these are the isles that remind me of Kúpe, my ancestor brave!

[Adapted from an old Maori song.]

Lusty and lithe was Kúpe, Kúpe,
The seaman of old Hawaiki!
Massive-browed, with a grizzled beard,
Featured was he as a giant.
And men all cringed from the look of wrath
That flashed from his glittering eyeballs,
And shrank from the speech his thick lips hurled

In the teeth of the one he hated.
Mighty and pitiless Kúpe, Kúpe,
With features patterned with moki!
Honored and feared by the men of Hawaiki,
A wanderer famed through the islands!

Lord of a thousand leagues was he
Of unknown waters of peril.
Fierce in fighting, and jealous to madness
In loving, was turbulent Kúpe.
Envious-eyed he looked on his friend,
His cousin, young Hotu-rapa,
Coveting him his new-made bride,
His Kura-marotini.
She was a wild-eyed witch of a woman,
Full of a pard-like grace,
Full of a longing for untried ways
In the cruel waste of the world;
Consort fitting for Kúpe the rover
To bear unto uttermost isles,
Fitting to mate with the wanderer wild
Upon perilous far-off shores.

"Come, my cousin!" cried Kúpe one morning,
"Fish with me, Hotu-rapa;
Out on the wave-tossed blue of the sea
Our stout canoe let us paddle!
Come, for the tide ebbs out through the pass
And birds fly low on the water;
Fish in plenty our hooks will fetch
From the hidden hollows of coral."
So Kúpe, the crafty, and Hotu-rapa
Pushed their canoe from the shore,
And paddled far from the breaking surf
On the barrier reef that thundered,
Paddled away on the sapphire sea
To a hidden shoal where they anchored.
Down in the shimmering deeps they dropped
Their glistening hooks of pearl-shell,
And high-browed dolphin with purple fins
They pulled from the caverns of ocean.
Suddenly Kúpe's line held fast
In the bright-hued branches of coral,
And, "dive for me, Hotu-rapa," he said,
"To loosen my line from the bottom;

Never a hook had I before
That brought such luck in the fishing!"
So Hotu-rapa, who thought no wrong,
Plunged in the deep blue water,
Eager to help his cousin and chief
By saving his fish-hook precious.
Just as a whirl of bubbles and foam
Marked where the diver had vanished,
Kúpe severed the anchor line
And, seizing his well-tried paddle,
Urged his dancing canoe from the spot
And lashed through the rolling waters;
Laughed when Hotu-rapa called
Despairing afar mid the billows;
Laughed and shouted derisive answer,
Bidding him dive to the bottom
And dwell in the hungry shark's abode,
Companions fit for a fisher,—
Mocked him and cried that Kúpe the sailor
Would care for his wild-eyed woman,
Laughed and left him to battle alone
With the pitiless waves till he perished!

Straightway Kúpe sped on to seek
Wild Kura-marotini,
The woman he chose for a wanderer bride,
The mate of the man he had murdered.
"And haste thee, woman," he cried to her,
"For the winds of the south are calling;
We sail tonight in your great canoe,
The well-made Mata-horua;
And we shall voyage to the ends of the sea
Where vengeance of man cannot follow!"
The woman he took for bride made haste;
They gathered their people together,
The double canoe with high-carved stern
They freighted with food and plunder,
Then pushed to sea and the paddles plied
In the darkness out on the billows.
The great mat sail aloft was hung,
In the trade-wind bellied and straining,
And they swept to west till the morning broke,
When the endless ring of the ocean
Showed they had scaped from the righteous wrath
Of the friends of the man who was murdered.

The moon waxed great and waned to a thread
As they measured the leagues of the sea,
And longed for a sight of the welcome land
To gladden their hearts again.
"O where is the bourn we are seeking in vain?"
Cried Kura-marotini,
"And why grows the sea so cold and drear,
O Kúpe, my fearless master?"
"What!" quoth he to his wild-eyed mate,
"And art thou awearied already?
Far and away are the ends of the sea
Where the wrath of your man cannot follow.
List to me, restless woman of mine,
And learn of the island before us!
Knowest thou not of Maui, the god,
Cast in the tide at his birth,
Wrapt in a swathe of his mother's hair
And rocked by the waves on the sand?
Seaweed tangles about him grew,
And jelly-fish clung to his side;
Birds and flies gan feed on the child,
When the old god, Tama-te-Rangi,

Snatching the form from the froth and foam,
Uncovered the storm-tossed Maui
And hung him up in his house to warm—
A god he had saved from the sea-mist!
Knowest thou not, O woman of mine,
How Maui, the wily, was fostered,
Reared with his envious brethren four,
And how, when he took them a-fishing,
He drew from the depths of the ocean an isle
That heaved with a roar and a bubbling,
Floundering and shaking the mountains aloft
While Maui looked at it with laughter?
This is the land we are seeking together,
My beautiful wild-eyed Kúra!"
"And how shall we find these unknown shores,
That mortal never has sighted?
Alas, my Kúpe, we surely must die
Afar on the endless ocean!"
Then Kúpe laughed at his wild-eyed mate
And scorned the fears of the woman.
"Listen again and learn," he said,
"Of the wonderful land we are seeking.

Knowest thou not of thy stout ship's name,
Of Mata, the old-time hero,
And how he was driven away from home
On the back of a deep-sea monster?
Híne, the goddess, had driven him hence
And followed him over the water,
Scourging him onward from isle unto isle
Astride of his great sea creature.
Forward he lashed through the salt sea foam
Till he came to the island of Maui,
Where he tarried a span as an outcast lone,
Then turned to the land of his fathers,
Bearing away the greenstone rare
As a gift to the men of Hawaiki.
Kúpe the sailor can find the way
To the land where Mata was banished;
Look! we follow yon roving star
That blazes low in the southland;
Higher it rises as night after night
It leads us under its archway."

The wind blew cold as it wailed from the south,
And the spray washed over their prow;

Food was failing and death was near
For all of the dauntless crew.
Clouds fled over the leaden sea
And over the hearts of all,
All save Kúpe who watched the waves
And laughed at his ship-mate's fears.

One night with a hopeless piercing shriek
Rushed Kura-marotini
To Kúpe's side, her eyes ablaze
With a madness that springs from terror.
"O Kúpe, did ye not see that form
Out over the water gliding?
He looked at me as he sped afar
And I saw his face in the blackness.
'Twas Hotu-rapa who wandered there,
The man ye slew in the water!"
"Ha!" cried Kúpe aloud in glee,
"'Tis a sign that land is before us!"
And he grasped in his arms the quivering form
Of Kura-marotini.
"Alas!" she sighed, "if the land is near
Mine eyes shall feast not upon it,

For Hotu-rapa has called me to Po!
I follow him over the water."
Then Kúpe touched with his giant face
The burning cheek of the woman,
"And lovest me not, my wild-eyed mate?"
He whispered to shivering Kura.
She glared with her wild, wild eyes at him
Who slew her mate in the water,
And shrank away as from one accursed,
To wail alone in the darkness.
At dawn of day there arose a cry,
A shouting from parchéd voices,
Of, land! good land! of the promised shore,
The longed-for island of Maui!
And Kúpe went to his silent mate
To rouse from her trance the sleeper,
But her flesh was pale and rigid her limbs,
For death's hoar seal was upon her.
They sailed all silently on to the shore,
And into the waist-deep water
Leaped Kúpe bearing aloft in his arms
The stark, still form of his woman.

A SONG FOR LITTLE MATA.

O its ho for Möorea where the coco-palms grow!
Sing again of Möorea where the trade winds blow,
With its peaks and crags that tower
Where the storms of thunder lower,
With its opal-hued lagoon
Where the wavelets sleep at noon;
O 'tis there that little Mata watches every weary hour
For the white sail from Tahiti coming soon, soon, soon!

O its ho for Möorea fairest isle of the sea!
And I'm dreaming still of Mata who is waiting there for me,
With her black hair wreathed in *tiere,*
Watching till her eyes are weary;
From her cottage of bamboo
Gazing o'er the waste of blue.
Little Mata, I am coming o'er the water to my dearie
And upon the waves that toss me I am dreaming but of you!

LEAVING HONOLULU.

O'er the taffrail lean the people, on the dock a restless throng
Vainly, with their wistful glances, seek the moment to prolong.
Flower-girls are selling lëis, fragrant wreathes for friends who part,
Hark! a blast upon the whistle! 'Tis the signal for the start!

Loud above the shouting tumult rings the band, "Aloha Oi!"
There's a sadness in its trumpet tones that speaks of passing joy;
"Lower away the for'a'd gangplank! Cast the after hawsers free!"
Slowly glides the mighty steamer toward the reef where frets the sea!

Wave your lëis, flutter kerchiefs, fondly call your last farewells!

List, Hawaii's tender anthem solemn o'er the water swells!
Now adieu to dark-hued faces! Toss a kiss and heave a sigh!
From the shore the tropic trade-wind whispers low a last, "good bye!"

Through the reef we seek the ocean, backward glancing to the shore;
Dearest friends and well-loved places, shall we gaze on you no more?
See the purple, cloud-hung mountains, see the beetling heights of green,
And the red earth of the lowlands near the pale lagoon serene!

Diamond Head with shapely profile past the beach of Waikiki,
And Tantalus and Punchbowl, with eyes bedimmed we see;
Fair Honolulu nestling amid its groves of palm,
The fringe of shipping on the shore, so beautiful, so calm!

Aloha, fair Oahu, slowly paling o'er the tide,
Your peaks may fade but in my heart your vision
shall abide;
Still the flame of your hibiscus, still those wistful
tropic eyes
Shall enthrall me to your palm-groves, shall en-
dear your azure skies!

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